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CORN PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO.

It is more than "goodness"—it's a food so valuable in its properties that authorities class it high among food products. Not only nutritious but delicious—a golden syrup of exquisite flavor that pleases all palates. For every use from giddle cakes to candy.

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## The Woman Who Disappeared.

(Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcell.)

We were bound up the coast to Valdivia and Santiago and had run into a storm that wrecked the brig aloft. We made shift, however, to work our way into one of the bays off Chile island, and there we spent two weeks waiting. The island named is about forty miles off the coast of Chile. It is fifteen miles in length and from three to ten miles in breadth, and at the time I wrote of was not permanently inhabited. It is of volcanic formation, but well wooded.

Just previous to leaving London on this voyage Captain Bennett had been married to a young lady whom he had been courting for over three years. She was the daughter of a manufacturer, and the marriage had been a happy one, and good wishes of her family. She was a handsome, intelligent girl of twenty, much in love with the captain, and this voyage was their bridal tour. I was the captain's nephew and second mate of the brig.

When we had anchored the brig in a landlocked bay and began at the repairs the young wife suggested a tent under the trees ashore. A tent was erected, a few necessities taken ashore, and there the happy couple spent their nights and part of the days. During the daytime, if the captain was not on board, they wandered over the island or gathered shells along the beach. If he was on board we could see her moving about or sitting under the trees. We finally had things ready to proceed, and the tent and the wife were to be brought aboard next morning, when a strange thing happened. Captain Bennett had been with us all the afternoon, going ashore about 6 o'clock in the evening. An hour later we were notified that the wife was missing.

It did not seem a thing of much account to me when I went ashore at his call. I myself had seen the woman as late as 3 o'clock. She had been cautioned not to wander too far, but had been a bit heedless. I had no doubt that she would be found within the hour and that we should all have a good laugh over the incident. The only direction she could take from the tent was due west, where a narrow valley led inland. The captain had gone a mile in this direction and shouted her name and got no reply. We now hurried along until we had covered double that distance, and we shouted at the top of our voices, but no answer came to our calls. We followed the valley, winding and turning, for a distance of two miles and then returned to the beach for men and lanterns.

The disappearance was a strange thing. The woman could not have lost her way. She could have gone in only one direction. She had only to turn in her tracks to come back to the starting point. We had been there two weeks and had not seen a stranger

about. Eight of us, provided with lanterns or torches, divided into four parties and began a new search. One party went up the beach, another down, and the other two followed the valley to its end. It began or ended in a basin of about an acre in extent. This basin was shut in by rocky hills and pretty well covered with bushes. We had brought a musket along, and for an hour we shouted and fired by turns. No reply did we get. Then we returned to see what luck the others had met with. There was not much to hope for. The beaches were short, and no one aboard the ship had seen the missing woman strolling up or down. When we reached the tent it was to find that the other searches had been in vain. Then the captain said:

"My wife has wandered to a distance, and in climbing some hills, perhaps after a rare flower, she has met with a fall. She may be lying dead, or she may have been so badly hurt that she cannot call out in answer. I shall continue the search the night through."

There was no one who did not pity the man. We had a crew of fourteen, and leaving only two men aboard as an anchor watch, the rest of us renewed the search. We went on the idea that the woman must have climbed the hills at some point. Six of us took one side of the valley and six the other, and we examined every spot with the minutest care. Whenever it seemed possible for a woman to have climbed up we sent a man. We looked for broken branches; we looked to see if patches of moss had been disturbed; we looked for fragments of her dress clinging to briars. Not until daylight came and we were thoroughly exhausted and discouraged was there any let-up. Then we returned to the ship for breakfast and a brief rest. The captain sat down under a tree ashore. When morning came again he had made up his mind what to do. The brig could no longer be detained. Stores sufficient to last a man for many weeks were landed, and she was sent on her way in charge of the mate. At Valdivia he was to arrange for some native craft to come and take the captain off. He would remain and prosecute the search until the mystery was solved, and he would allow no one to remain with him.

It was three months later when the captain was taken off. His age was only thirty, but he looked like a man of fifty. He was gray haired and bent and wrinkled. He had gone over every foot of the island twice and three times over, and he had not found so much as a shred of his wife's dress. Not a bush nor a rock nor a gully had escaped him. Not a thick bush nor a gully had escaped him. Not a foot of beach had been left unwatched for what the tide might bring. She had simply disappeared off Chile island, and to this day no one knows how.

M. QUAD.

## A MILITARY SURPRISE.

President Grant and the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," never attended West Point. In the early part of Grant's first term Clem obtained an audience with the president. "Mr. President," he opened the interview, "I wish to ask you for an order to admit me to West Point." "Why do you not take the examinations?" questioned Grant. "I did, but I failed to pass." "That was unfortunate. How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I was in the war while those other boys of my age were in school."

Clem was barely eighteen then and boyish looking even for his years. He had made his own way to the president and had no political sponsors to back him. "What!" exclaimed the president. "You were in the war?" "Yes, I was in the war four years," and Clem related his experiences. Grant wrote something, which he handed to the young applicant, saying: "Take this to the secretary of war. I guess it will fix you all right."

Clem went back to the secretary of war, who had before received him coldly, and delivered his note. The secretary read it and asked, "Do you know what this is?" "No," replied Clem. "I suppose it is an order to admit me to West Point." "Well, it isn't. It's an order to commission you second lieutenant in the regular army."—Chicago News.

Never Took the Hint. Jackson—Well, what did your wife say to you when you got home so late last night? You know you were afraid she'd scold. Fairleigh—My wife's a jewel. She didn't scold a bit. In fact, she didn't even ask me where I had been or what had delayed me; but late as it was, she sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. I tell you she's one in ten thousand. Jackson—What did she sing? Fairleigh—Tell me the Old, Old Story.

## GOES TO GOTHAM

To Claim Body of Aunt, Miss Wilcox

## WHO DIED OF POISON

Dr. Everett Does Not Know Who "Dear Heart," to Whom She Left Note Before Suicide in New York, Is.

Brooklyn, Feb. 4.—The unaddressed letter beginning "Dear Heart," left by Miss Almira Wilcox, who was found dead in her room at the Chelsea hotel, New York, as the result, it is believed, of taking an overdose of a narcotic, was read to Dr. F. H. Everett of Castleton, her nephew, yesterday, shortly before he took the train to claim the body. The physician manifested deep emotion when he heard the contents of the missive.

Beyond declaring that he could not imagine to whom Miss Wilcox referred, Dr. Everett declined to make any comment. He will bring the body to this state for burial, probably at Stockbridge, Miss Wilcox's native town.

Miss Wilcox conducted a millinery store in Milwaukee.

A quantity of jewels and fashionable apparel were included in the woman's effects and labels on her luggage indicated that she had recently returned from Europe.

On her writing desk was a postal addressed to Dr. Everett, saying that she hoped to see him next Friday. It was signed "Auntie."

There was also a letter unaddressed. In this bit of humor alternated with pathetic touches. It read in part:

"Dear Heart—This is my New York. You asked for a 'best girl letter.' But you don't always get what you want. Even from him, the divine Giver. I stayed home to write this, such as it is."

"None but you and my sainted mother ever called me 'darling,' and when you say it I always hear the angels' wings. And you are also the only one to call me 'Myma.'"

"I was thinking of it the other day when a voice at my side called: 'Myma.' I thought it a voice from heaven."

"Being practical, I settled back on my feet and learned as I opened my eyes it was a healthy son of Erin calling a station."

## A LATE PICTURE OF SECRETARY TAFT.

William Howard Taft, secretary of war and leading Republican presidential candidate, was born in Cincinnati Sept. 15, 1857. A graduate of Yale and Cincinnati Law school, he began work as a reporter. In 1887 he became judge of the superior court of Cincinnati; in 1890 he was appointed United States solicitor general; in 1892 he became United States circuit judge; in March, 1900, he went to the Philippines, to organize the American government there; Feb. 1, 1904, he was appointed secretary of war. He has rendered conspicuous service in the Philippines; in negotiations with Pope Leo; in Cuba; in Panama, and to American interests throughout the world.

## GIRL'S FORTUNE IN FATHER'S FORMULA.

Chemist Leaves No Cash, But Secret Preparation Now Supports His Daughter.

New York, Feb. 4.—In a private school at Fort Lee is Frances Maud Mendenhall, 14, whose education is being paid for out of one of the most peculiar inheritances ever devised. According to her father, her father, when he died, left her no money or property, real or personal, but by the time she finishes her education she will have become possessed of wealth sufficient to make her future assured.

Her father, A. D. Mendenhall, who lived in a small Kentucky town, was a chemist and expert analyst. Almost continuous illness and the failure of investments had reduced him to comparative poverty, but he perfected a chemical compound in which he thought he saw wealth. He guarded the secret carefully, but death came before he had found the way to realize upon it.

"I have no money to leave you," he said, "but I leave you something else, which I believe will some day make you a rich woman."

He then repeated the formula to her, drilling her and explaining the nature of each chemical until she could repeat all perfectly. Each day before he died he had her repeat her instructions word for word.

Relatives took care of the girl for a time. One of them when visiting New York made the acquaintance of S. W. Benson, president of the International Truck company. To Mr. Benson the story of the odd bequest was told. His sympathies were enlisted at once. Miss Mendenhall was brought to New York, and after much persuasion she repeated to Mr. Benson the formula taught to her by her father. Mr. Benson worked it out and became convinced that Mr. Mendenhall had not been mistaken in his belief about his discovery. His business experience made it possible for Mr. Benson to turn a chemical formula into reality, and Miss Mendenhall is now in the enjoyment of an income far beyond her needs.

## TRACKMAN'S LIGHT OUT.

EXPRESS HITS WAGON.

One Dead, Two Injured—Crossing Tender Had Slipped on Ice.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 4.—A Boston and Albany railroad crossing tender slipped on ice early yesterday, extinguishing his lantern, and while he was collecting it a milkman drove upon the tracks and an express struck the team, causing the death of one man and injury to two others. William Leonardson was instantly killed. Ernest Thomas was seriously fatally injured, and James H. Rogers had an arm broken.

As the train struck the wagon Rogers jumped and escaped with the fracture of an arm.

## If You Read This.

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, liver complaint, torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandarilla root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such leading medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Howard, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others, all eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for the purpose of curing such high professional endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merit, and a glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"None but you and my sainted mother ever called me 'darling,' and when you say it I always hear the angels' wings. And you are also the only one to call me 'Myma.'"

"I was thinking of it the other day when a voice at my side called: 'Myma.' I thought it a voice from heaven."

"Being practical, I settled back on my feet and learned as I opened my eyes it was a healthy son of Erin calling a station."

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## Woman's World

COUNTRESS OF WARWICK.

One of the Most Progressive Women of the English Nobility.

The Countess of Warwick is one of the most progressive women of the English nobility. She is the founder of Studley Castle, a college for training the daughters of professional men; maintains a home for crippled children and both at Warwick castle and Eaton Lodge has established and directs organizations for the welfare of the poor and the nursing of the sick. She is today the world's most famous woman.



COUNTRESS OF WARWICK.

Socialist. The Socialist peeress is busily engaged in writing her memoirs, which she hopes to see published within the next few months. Although comparatively young (her age is forty-six), Lady Warwick during the last twenty years has been acquainted with nearly every person prominent in English life, and no one could be better equipped than she to throw interesting side lights on the inner doings of society.

As she has announced her intention of telling the truth without fear and of clearing up a number of affairs which have remained mysteries to ordinary people, many revelations are expected to come from her pen. She will relate her experiences from the time she was a young girl, beginning some years before her marriage, which took place when she was nineteen.

Asked her motive for writing such a book, the countess replied that she wished to realize her great ambition of owning and editing a newspaper. When she was approached with offers of large sums for her memoirs, she saw an opportunity which she decided to accept. The proceeds from the book, together with the remuneration she will receive for a lecturing tour in America which she is about to undertake, will be used toward the establishment of her newspaper.

Life in the Persian Royal Harem. Owing to the Anglo-Russian agreement Persia is the country of the moment, and revelations of life in the royal harem, in that land culled from an authentic source are of especial interest. The Anderson palace, as it is called, is the residence of the shah's wives and favorites, the present monarch contenting himself with the comparatively trifling number of a dozen or so. As each of these ladies is attended by her own household—all, of course, females, as the shah and a few privileged doctors are the only men who may enter the sacred precincts—the establishment is entirely composed of women.

The wives must not do any work with their hands—not even the finest embroidery or needlework—so that their long day is occupied with intrigues, eating sweetmeats, paying calls upon one another and, on rare occasions, upon highborn ladies in the capital, when their progress is marked with the greatest pomp.

In the shah's harem Worth of Paris finds a market for out of date costumes, and so vain and feminine are these "queens" that they will pay the most exorbitant sums for an exclusive model if they can thereby prevent a rival "queen" obtaining it. As a general rule, however, these ladies, for all the luxury of their surroundings, are most childishly ignorant, and their sole ambition in life is to be the mother of the heir to the throne. The principal "queen" of the late shah, however, was an exceptionally clever woman. She was no mean poet, and her verses on the beauties of nature are gems of their kind.—Bystander.

The Ribbon Bag. As narrow ribbons are so generally used for lingerie, a bag which will hold the different lengths of ribbons is necessary to keep them from being soiled and creased.

It is made of lawn or fine linen, with a design of butterflys embroidered on it.

When the embroidery is finished a

An Excellent Remedy For Coughs And Colds

When It Aches again

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

Hale's Honey of Borehound and Tar

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Though the minister of the modern stage Our nutrient evokes.

We only laugh at the jokes of the age Because of the age of the jokes.

—Boston Herald.

narrow hem is made at each end of the material, featherstitched with yellow silk, used for the buttonhole, after which two circles of cardboard are covered with lawn and overbanded together at bottom of the bag. Gather an edge of the straight embroidered piece and fasten it to the cardboard circle.

A large brass ring is covered with yellow silk in close buttonhole stitch, and the other edge of the embroidered strip is gathered and attached to this.

Through the opening in the silk place the ribbon, which can be drawn out when needed through the silk covered ring.

Way to Spoil a Maid.

"Never begin the practice of giving your old gowns to your maids. It is one of the worst habits you can form and one you will find it impossible to change unless you change the maids, too," said a well dressed woman from the suburbs as she sat at luncheon with a friend.

"My waitress has been with me five years. Of course she is a jewel, and I wouldn't lose her for the world. Two years ago in an evil hour I formed the resolution of giving her the street gowns I had no further use for as an additional inducement for her to remain contented out of town. Now whenever I appear in a new gown I can see her eyeing me critically, sometimes with approval, sometimes with the opposite. She is considering how well I have done by her in selecting that style and color."

"Gray and brown are two colors which are most unbecoming to her, and she so evidently considers me selfish whenever I select a suit of either of them that positively I feel guilty now myself whenever I am tempted into doing so."

"Then you should see the supercilious look she bestows on me if I persist in wearing a gown which she considers should be hers by virtue of time. This afternoon when I came down in this new gown her approval was so evident as she helped me on with my wraps in the hall that I said laughingly:

"Well, Mary, I suppose you are wishing I would give this dress to you."

"Oh, no, ma'am!" she replied readily. "That's a perfectly new one. I couldn't expect it. But that old blue suit, now, that you've been wearing so long, I suppose you won't want it now that you've this new one."

"The 'old blue suit' was one which I have had not more than six weeks at most. It is perfectly good in every way, but I suppose she will have to have it."

Cross Stitch Revived.

Cross stitch in relief, of German origin, was very popular at the beginning of last century and is now once more in requisition for appliques. It is not quite so durable as work done entirely on canvas. The material used for the foundation has to be framed as tight as possible, the right side uppermost. On this right in the center and quite smooth is laid the canvas of a size corresponding to that of the device to be worked and with due attention to having the nap of the cloth going downward, chiefly in the case of bouquets of flowers. It is also important while working not to split the threads of the canvas, a mistake which would prevent them drawing and thus spoil the appearance of the stitches. When the cross stitch is finished the canvas has to be cut and its clipped threads drawn out first in one way and then in the other.

As Told by the Forehead.

A receding brow, like a receding chin, shows a lack of will power and of a firm and quick intelligence. The forehead that has projections, "bumps," over the eyes indicates observation.

A high, prominent, bulging brow does not contribute to the beauty of the face, but it shows both the absent-mindedness and the keen intellect of the scholar.

It is the forehead which looks straight, but which in reality slopes back a very little, with the eyebrows projecting and firmly marked, that is one of the most desirable.

Its possessor will be tolerant, but firm; steady, intelligent and decisive.

Coffee Fudge.

Boll together two cupsful of granulated sugar and one cupful of strong coffee. Add either one teaspoonful of butter or one tablespoonful of rich cream. Boll until a spoonful of the candy stiffens when beaten. Then take from the fire, beat hard with a big spoon until the candy begins to grow stiff, quickly beat in one cupful of broken shellbark or pecan nut meats and pour out into a buttered tin. This is an extremely toothsome candy and not well known.

The Latest Skirts.

Skirts are draped in various ways. From Paris come those with their little plaits below the waist across the center of the front. The same type of draping is seen when the folds are lightly rucked just over each hip, a pretty fashion for a slight figure. Sometimes these rucks run all the way round the hips. Skirts are also caught up on one side and occasionally on both.

To make the arms white and smooth, a good specific is that of ammonia and water applied nightly after washing the skin with a piece of bath towel dipped in lukewarm water. If the arms are inclined to be red, peroxide of hydrogen will do much toward bleaching them. A few drops should be added to the water in which the arms are rinsed.

Cold water, a tablespoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease when other means would not answer on account of colors running.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Though the minister of the modern stage Our nutrient evokes.

We only laugh at the jokes of the age Because of the age of the jokes.

—Boston Herald.

## HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help you case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration.